

Life

\$1000.00 in Prizes for the Best Titles

See Page 10



OCTOBER 23, 1924

"Aw, quit yer kiddin'!"

PRICE 15 CENTS

LOOK FOR THIS STAMP—"GEO. S. PARKER—DUOFOLD"—AND DON'T LET IMITATIONS DECEIVE YOU



Pull a Good One When You Write—or Lend

*A Pen You Need Not Apologize For
Never Failing—Never Ailing*

A Point the Other Man's Hand Cannot Distort—Jewel-Smooth—Guaranteed 25 Years

PULL a good one—meet the world on even terms. For today Parker Duofold is the pen with which Success associates—it's replacing old pens, thousands per day.

For solely to have this super-writer is worth several times its price, aside from the high intrinsic value of the Duofold itself. Its balanced symmetry and jewel-smooth point steady the hand, abolish resistance and give one that stimulating urge to write.

Not only this, they bring to the hand that speed and character which win with the world. And wherever you carry this black-tipped lacquer-red beauty it evokes admiration and respect. A color that makes it a hard pen to lose—an Over-size barrel which holds that extra ink that is just like money in the bank when you need it.

"I signed 1067 checks with one filling of my Duofold in just 1 hr. 30 min.," writes an executive of the Public Securities Corporation, Los Angeles.

Yet Parker Duofold not only carries ink to spare, this Over-size barrel forms a man-size grip that can't cramp your style or your fingers as does a pen too small.

A sure-fire writer on account of the "Lucky Curve" feed. A clean pen to carry and handle on account of the double sleeve of the Duo-Sleeve Cap. Fill it by simply pressing a Button, capped inside the barrel where it can't disfigure the beauty or catch on the clothing. And fill less often than the usual pen.

Any good pen counter will sell you this Parker classic on 30 days' approval—black-tipped lacquer-red or flashing plain black. Step in and get it. And come out and pull a good one.

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY • JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN
NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO SPOKANE
THE PARKER FOUNTAIN PEN COMPANY, LIMITED, TORONTO, CANADA
Parker Duofold Pencils to match the pen, \$3.50

Parker
Duofold With The 25 Year Point **\$7**

Red and Black
Color Combination
Reg. Trade Mark
U. S. Pat. Office

\$10.50—Parker Duofold Duette—\$8.50

Duofold Pen and Duofold Pencil to match
Flashing black gold trimmed
or black-tipped lacquer-red
Satin-Lined Gift Case De Luxe Included



Hupmobile



Clutch Release Bearing: This is an annular ball bearing of chrome nickel steel—the material used in all Hupmobile bearings of roller, taper and annular type. It is encased in a dust-proof housing and provided with a grease valve for positive pressure lubrication, in addition to self lubrication from the transmission through a drilled hole in the clutch gear shaft. Common practice calls for only a case-hardened thrust bearing without a dust-proof housing and lubrication in either pressure or self, but not both. Dirt enters which means rapid wear, annoying complications and expense.

15 Minutes Save Hundreds of Dollars

When buying a motor car, remember the good old maxim "Knowledge is power" that we used to write in our copy books.

Now you can quickly obtain positive knowledge of what makes some motor cars stand up and save money for their owners. Also, the plain facts about why some other cars cost so much to maintain.

Learn These Vital Fundamentals

Hupmobile has condensed these invaluable facts—has made them part and parcel of large parts display boards.

Fifteen or twenty minutes spent in studying these object lessons in motor car building will arm you with a real knowledge of what to insist upon, and what to avoid, in any motor car you inspect.

It is as simple as A B C—this busi-

ness of buying a motor car that will actually save you money.

All that you really must understand are the comparatively few fundamentals of good construction.

For instance, how are the cylinders finished? Are they merely reamed, or are they reamed and honed, as in the case of Hupmobile? Does a car use double heat-treated steel drop forgings generally, as does Hupmobile, or does it add weight and decrease strength and economy by using malleable iron castings? How large is the bearing surface which supports the crankshaft? How is the camshaft mounted? What is the best type of bearing for each purpose? And is that best type used? What kind of a lubricating system in the motor?

Quality Contrasted With Cheapness

These questions, and others, Hupmobile answers for you. It shows

you quality construction as employed in the finer cars such as Hupmobile—construction that makes for lower costs and longer life.

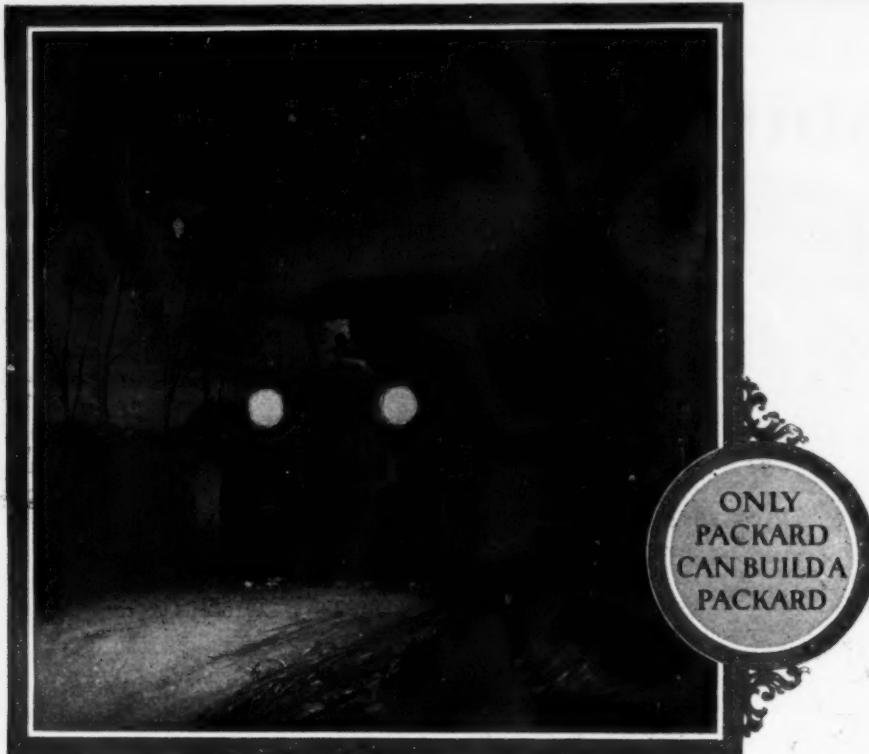
With this it contrasts the inferior practice that is almost certain to mean far higher cost per mile in the long run. Hupmobile is well fitted to give you the facts that count. It is the one car that, in tests in the hands of fleet owners, has established records of economy for low cost per mile, that have never been equalled.

Better to Know Than to Hope

There are so many ways in which a motor car can be cheapened at later cost to you, that you can hardly afford to buy in the mere hope that all will be well.

It is far more comfortable, and so much better in the long run, to know just what you are buying—and that knowledge awaits you at your nearest Hupmobile dealer's.

Hupp Motor Car Corporation
Detroit, Michigan



BRINGS 44% OF ITS COST AFTER 108,000 MILES

One of the "Big Four" tire companies tests its products in actual use on the road.

Three Packard Sixes have recently completed 320,000 miles of continuous service in these tire tests.

One of them traveled 108,000 miles on a schedule of 420 miles per day.

That is the equivalent of ten years of average owner use.

Only it's much harder on the car than ten years of ordinary driving.

Because the wear and tear and strain are concentrated into a few months.

Yet this Packard Six, just as it was, at the end of 108,000 miles—without rebuilding or overhauling, without

refinishing—was bought by a motor car expert.

The superintendent of a large garage—a mechanical authority who knows motor cars—gladly paid for this Packard Six, 44% of its original cost.

He says he expects to drive it for ten years himself.

That is the kind of quality built into the Packard Six—the kind which makes Packard the most economical investment in personal transportation.



An unretouched photograph taken May 1, 1925, after 108,000 miles of service.

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE



The Day of the Great Game

BUY the winning colors! Buy the winning colors! Buy yer flags and arm-bands."

"Frederick, you look awfully pale. Have you been studying too hard?"

"That's 'Ham' Luffbrick, the captain of the crew, in the new raccoon coat."

"I think it'll be quicker if we park the car here and walk the rest of the way to the field."

"Why, the flask's empty!"

"No, I couldn't get the seats all together."

"Doc Smedley said he'd give us a lift out if we'd come over to the 'house.'"

"Remember the year 'Dutch' Delatour kicked that goal from the middle of the field?"

"I don't care how good a team they've got, they'll never give odds."

"And, say! Will you ever forget Ned Robinson after the game?"

"Who's the smelt Harry's got with him?"

"There's the whistle! They're going to start!"

"Somebody's offside again!"

"Ye-a-a-a-a-a-a-a—Touchdown!"

"Well, if it hadn't been for that fumble in the second quarter, and if Jim Lefferts had only kicked that field goal, maybe we'd have won."

Charles G. Shaw.

Heat

THE burning of steel is a white-hot flame;

The desert is parched and dry;

The fires of a furnace are searing hot,

And the forest flame leaps to the sky;

But there's nothing that burns, in Heaven or Hell,

Like the ice in my lady's eye.

M. J. F.



"I FEEL AWFUL—I GUESS I'M HOMESICK."

"WHERE DO YOU LIVE?"

"IN THE WINTER WE GO TO FLORIDA AND IN THE SUMMER WE GO TO MAINE, AND THE REST OF THE TIME WE LIVE NEAR MINNEAPOLIS."

• LIFE •



Doctor: I DON'T LIKE THAT HEART MURMUR.
Patient (radio fan): MAYBE IT'S ONLY A TOUCH OF STATIC.

How to Be the Life of a Party

1. IMMEDIATELY upon arrival, drink four cocktails. This is absolutely necessary, not only because it will make you feel like making a fool of yourself, but because it simultaneously makes you forget you are doing it.

2. Remain perfectly quiet until everybody else has had five or six cocktails. This will carry them into the second stage, in which they will greet anything with shrieks of laughter.

3. Everything is now ready. Make a conical cap of newspaper and put it on. Then state that you are not such a fool as you look. This will be greeted with a chorus of "Is that so?" "Yes, you are." "Who told you so?" as well as with shrieks of laughter.

4. Pull the cap down over your eyes and tear eyeholes in it. This will be greeted with shrieks of laughter and shouts of "Ku Klux! Ku Klux!"

5. Dance with the fattest woman in the party. Pretend to haul her with great effort about the floor, puffing and winking surreptitiously over her shoulder while doing so. This will be greeted with shrieks of laughter, especially the fat woman's attempts to appear oblivious of the fact that she knows perfectly well what you are doing.

6. At 4 A.M. go about saying to every one, "Hello! Up before break-

fast for once, hey?" This will be greeted with wild shrieks of laughter.

True, all this does not sound funny. But this article is not intended to tell you how to be funny but how to be the Life of a Party. There is a big difference.

Baron Ireland.

IT'S dangerous, these days, for a man to make love to a girl. She's likely to write him up for a "confessional" magazine.



Thoughtful Wife: IT'S A LUCKY THING I BROUGHT THIS UMBRELLA ALONG OR WE'D BE SOAKING WET.

Needlepoint

IN sewing circles,
 I've heard tell,
 They whisper neighbors
 Into hell.

In sewing circles,
 So they say,
 They jump ahead
 Of Judgment Day.

In sewing circles,
 This I know—
 They do not sew.

N. F. M.

Founder's Day

IT was morning of the first day of the first year.

At the breakfast table sat the first man and the first woman.

"You'll be going to the serpent's coming-out party to-night?" inquired Adam in what was destined to become his proverbial cheery manner.

"Really, my dear," replied Eve, reproachfully, "you know that I can't. Why, I haven't a *thing* to wear."

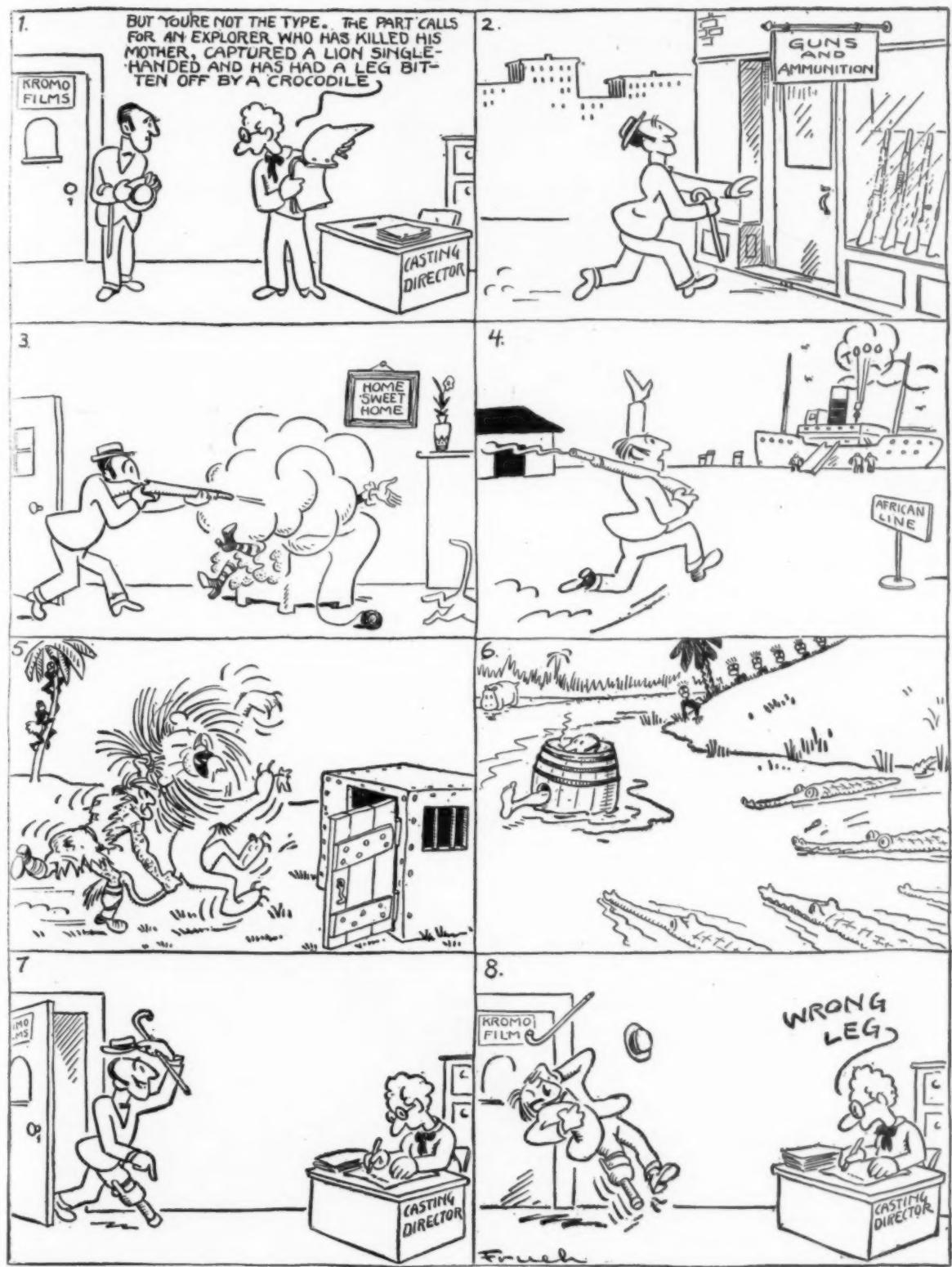
Thus to woman must be credited the first *bon mot* of history, and even as it is written, the first shall be last.

Correct This Sentence

"NEVER mind if the stock market did break you, dear," cooed the Follies girl; "we'll go on with our marriage just the same."

LIFE

5



A MOVING TALE



*Belated Wedding Guest: AH'S A FRIEN' OF DE FAMBLY! WHERE DOES AH SIT?
Local Editor: IN DE BACK ROW, BRUDDER. YOU TOO LATE TO CLASSIFY.*

Talks of Long Ago

IN days before the radio,
Before the moving picture show,
Before the auto came along,
Before the Law made drinking wrong,
Before the age of problem plays,
Before the crossword puzzle craze,
When all these things we were without,
What did we ever talk about?

R. S.

The Family Album

SHE was showing him the family photograph album. He wore a surprised and startled expression.

"This is one of Father just before he had his teeth fixed. The dentist says it is a wonderful likeness."

"But I don't—"

"And the one on this page is Aunt Hilda. She fell downstairs last summer and wanted to make sure that her ribs weren't twisted. It hurt her to breathe."

"Do you mean to tell me —"

"This one is of Grandpa, who always thought it was a Civil War bullet that caused his rheumatism. Is it splendiferously clear?"

"And have you all—"

"Nearly all of us; all except the baby. Here's Mother's fallen arches, and this is a profile of Sister Ruth's

spinal column. We like that one so well we think we'll have a crayon enlargement made for framing."

No need prolonging the mystery. The modern family album is made up of X-ray photographs, cabinet size.

A. H. F.

SHE: How many newspapers do you read?

HE: Oh, just enough to be confused.

Fulminations of a Foundryman

"WHAT can you do with a full-grown man who wears a green and black plaid wamus, knee pants and diamond-checked golf stockings, and wants to use my money to start a Little Theatre? No; I can't exactly throw him out. He's my son.

"I don't ask him to come into the foundry, now that he's out of college; but I would like him to wear a hat on the street.

"I asked him if he ever expected to be self-supporting, and he said no true artist ever permitted himself to think about money. I don't see how he figures that affects him.

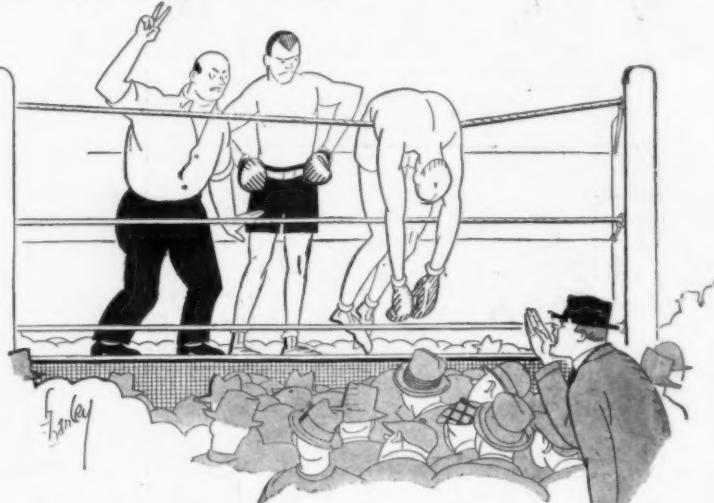
"My wife says he's only a boy. That's just the trouble. If he's this way now, what'll he be like in ten years?"

McCready Huston.

The Dulcet Voice

ONCE there was a baby that was always silent when it was time for it to be silent, and noisy when it was all right for it to be noisy. "A grand baby," you say. But you're wrong. It was only a baby grand.

NED: What's remarkable about him?
TED: He knows what to do with the time he saves by his time-saving methods.



"HEY, MR. REFEREE! STICK A COUPLE OF CLOTHESPINS ON THAT!"

Paul Revere's Ride

1924 Model

PAUL: There go them lights, Ma. How many be they? I left my glasses t'hum. Two? That means they're takin' th' ferry. Bennie, you hop out an' crank her up. The British are comin'.

MRS. REVERE: Pa, I declare, I left the pickles out o' the lunch basket. Wait'll I run up an'—

PAUL: Shucks, woman, you ain't got no time to traipse 'round with no pickles. Don't you realize? The British are comin'!

MRS.: But, Pa, they ain't a decent roadhouse on the way t' Lexington. An' a body's got t' eat, don't they? It won't take—

PAUL: Lucy, you git in that car. Bennie, you git out an' crank. The British are comin'!

(Bennie cranks. The car starts.)

PAUL: I suttinly hope we gotta nuff gas. What folks want t' live in these here jerkwater towns for, gits me. Still, as I say, it takes all kinds o' people t' make a world, an' they gotta be warned.

MRS.: What if the British be comin', Pa? I always heard the Royal Famby was reg'lar homefolks, take 'em all in all.



"SEE THAT FELLA THERE? OWNS A LOT OF NEW YORK PROPERTY. BOUGHT CENTRAL PARK LAST TIME HE WENT THERE."



MEET THE WIFE

BENNIE: Say, Pop, there's a dee-tour. Pop, it says: "Dee-tour to Arlin'ton, 11 Mi." Pop, less go t' Arlin'ton an' git a weenie. I'm awful hungry, Pop.

PAUL: Ye pesky little tyke, don't ye read hist'ry? 'Tain't Arlin'ton we want. It's Lexin'ton. There's the first farm-house now. Wait'll I honk an' warn 'em.

(Honk! Honk!) Hey, lady, th' BRITISH ARE COMIN'!!!

LADY: Oh, I know. We got it on the radio an hour ago. Isn't it just the loveliest thing? Oh, I just can't wait till I see what they're wearing in London this year! Oh, do you think—

(Paul drops dead. Mrs. Revere faints, and Bennie dives into the lunch basket.)

Tip Bliss.

Famous Bands

RUBBER —.

Hus—.

—anna.

Contra—.

Bobbed hair —it.

Sousa's.

Little Journeys to Big Towns

Washington

WASHINGTON is the one city in the United States that knows William Jennings Bryan only by hearsay. It is its chief claim to distinction.

The most important service Washington renders the nation is providing means for keeping politicians away from home for long periods, thus enabling the rest of the country to go about its labors undisturbed by views of alarm or points of pride.

Washington abounds in uniforms, frock coats, string ties and orchestras, patriots with unbobbed hair, payrolls public and private (oh, very!), saviors of humanity at no particular saving, and correspondents with ears to the ground and eyes on Mr. Munsey.

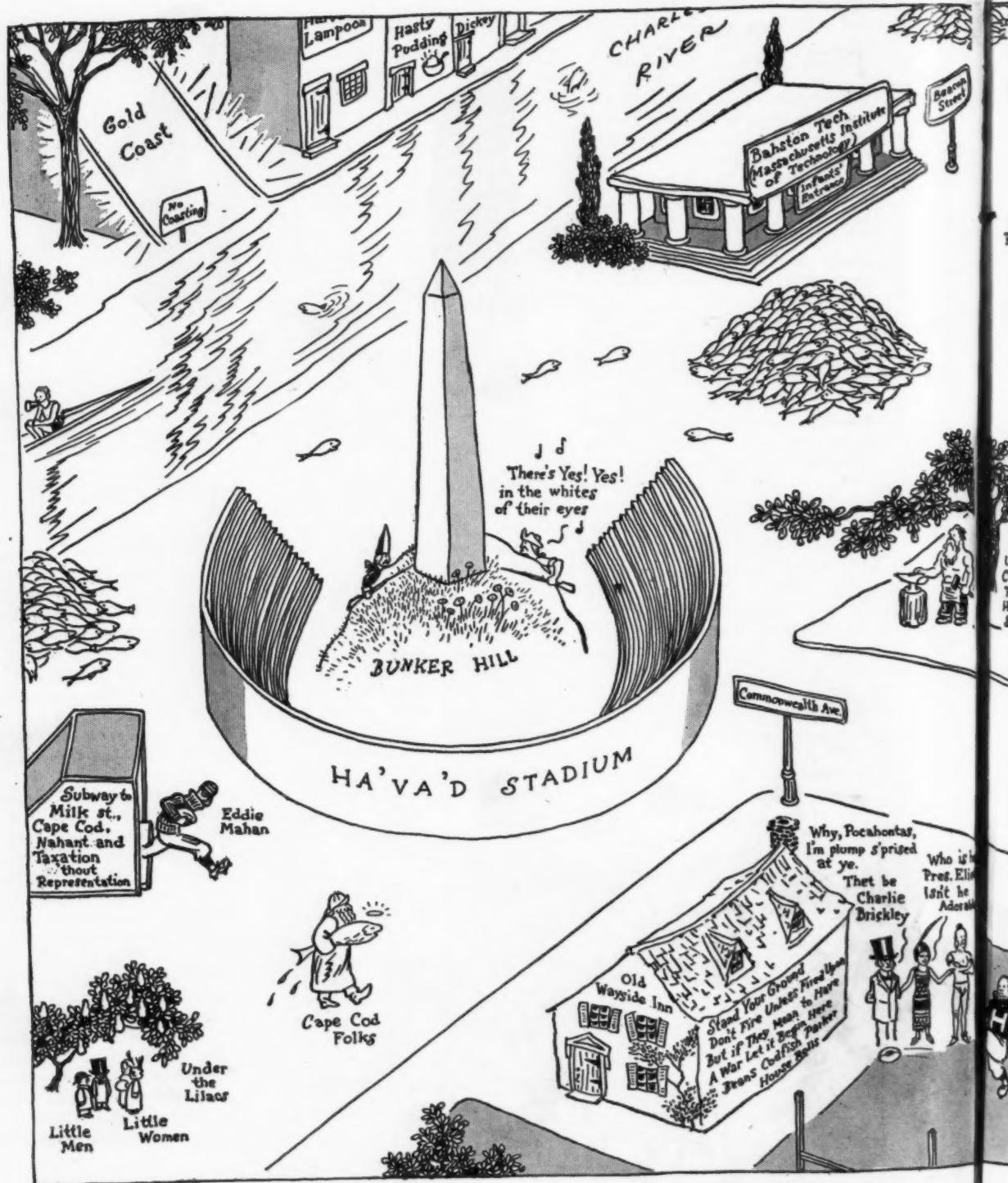
Portions of the city, including the Capitol, were burned by the British during the War of 1812, whereupon grateful Chambers of Commerce voted resolutions of thanks and forwarded them to the English Parliament.

Washington has only one important industry: the manufacture of red tape. Subscription lists will be passed among public-spirited citizens to raise a fund for the bombing of that factory.

James K. McGuinness.

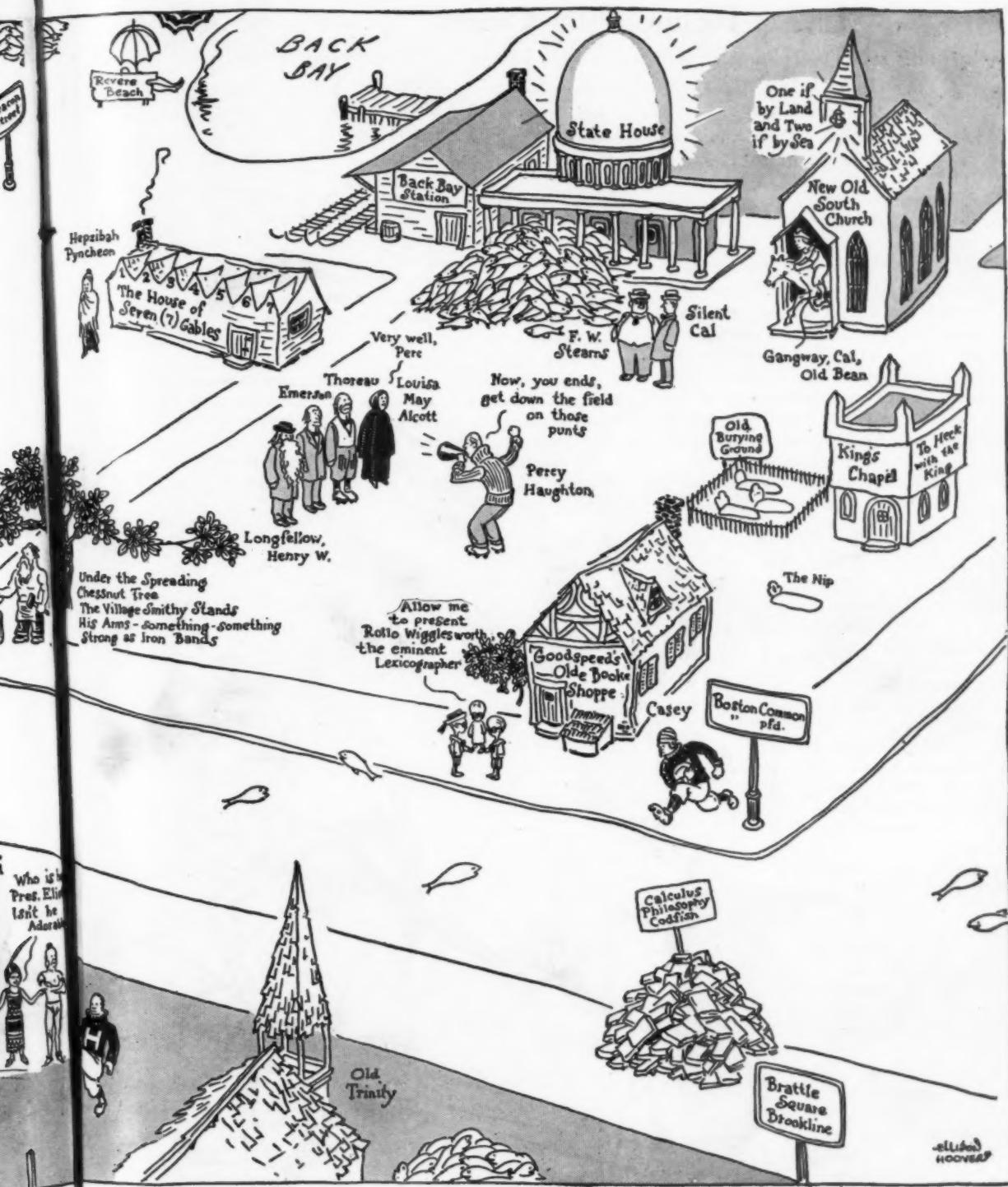
CANDIDATES Coolidge and Davis are firmly convinced of the truth of the saying that "two is company, but three is a crowd."

LIFE



AN IMPRESSION OF BOSTON, BY ONE WHO

• LIFE •



ON, BY ONE WHO HAS NEVER BEEN THERE

· L I F E ·
LIFE'S Picture Title Contest

For the best titles to the center-page cartoon in this issue, LIFE will award prizes as follows:

First Prize	\$500
Second Prize	\$300
Third Prize	\$150
Fourth Prize	\$50

A TITLE is needed for the picture by Charles Dana Gibson which is reproduced on pages 16 and 17 of this issue.

All readers of LIFE, whether they are subscribers or not, are invited to aid in the search for this missing title. Those who are most successful in locating it will be rewarded with United States currency.

The picture, as you will observe, concerns itself with a group of people whose home has been invaded by that most recent and most obnoxious of all nuisances—the Cross Word Puzzle Pest. He is the type of person who is continually asking his friends, "What is a serum for weasel bite in six letters?"

Whether you have ever tried a cross-word puzzle or not, you are at liberty to take part in this Contest;

CONDITIONS

BY "best" is understood that title which most cleverly and briefly describes the picture referred to above.

The contest is now open and open to everybody, and will close at this office at noon on Saturday, Dec. 20.

Titles will be judged by three members of LIFE's Editorial Staff, and their decision will be final.

Titles may be original, or may be a quotation from some well-known author, and should not exceed twenty words each. Contestants may send in more than one title, but not more than ten in one envelope.

Should two or more persons submit the titles selected as best, second best, etc., each one will be awarded the full amount of the prize tied for.

The final award will be announced as early as possible after the close of the contest (allowing for completion of the final reading). Checks will be sent simultaneously with the announcement of the award.

The members of LIFE's staff, of course, are not permitted to compete. All titles should be addressed to LIFE's Picture Title Contest, 598 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Envelopes should contain nothing but the competing titles, typewritten or very plainly written, using one side of paper only, with the name and address of the sender on each sheet.

the only restrictions on competition are described in the conditions below. *These conditions must be rigorously observed.*

The titles should be applicable, brief and, if possible, funny. There is no limit on the number of titles that each contestant may submit throughout the Contest, but *not more than ten answers may be included in one envelope.*

In past contests, we have received as many as five hundred titles in one batch; this complicates the work of the judges and delays the final decision. There is, however, no restriction on the number of laughs that each title may provoke.

The Contest is now on—and the invitation is extended to all comers to be just as comical as they please.



ARRIVAL OF THE EDITOR WHO IS ALWAYS TAKING STRAW VOTES



"SMILE, BABY, HUBBY WILL GET YOU A COOK—HE WON'T HAVE HIS DARLIN' SLOPPIN' HER PRETTY HANDS AROUND IN DISHWATER ANOTHER DAY—NOT ONE MORE DAY! AND WHEN HE SAYS HE WILL GET A COOK—HE WILL!"



"ONLY ONE IN HALF—A MILE TO THE MOVIES—WAIT ON DE TABLE—IN DE COUNTRY! ME! NODDING DOIN'!"



"OH, MY GOD—AT LAST—YOU'RE THE THIRTY-SECOND ONE I'VE PLEADED WITH TO-DAY—AND YOU'LL BE OUT THERE BY ONE O'CLOCK? I'LL DRIVE YOU OVER TO SEVEN O'CLOCK MASS EVERY SUNDAY AND—OH, ANYTHING."



"AND WHY DID YOU PUT MY BEST SILVER COFFEE POT AND YOUR OLD SHOES IN THE ICE BOX? WHERE DID MY HUSBAND FIND YOU—IN A LUNATIC ASYLUM OR UNDER AN OLD FREIGHT CAR DOWN BY THE WHARVES?"

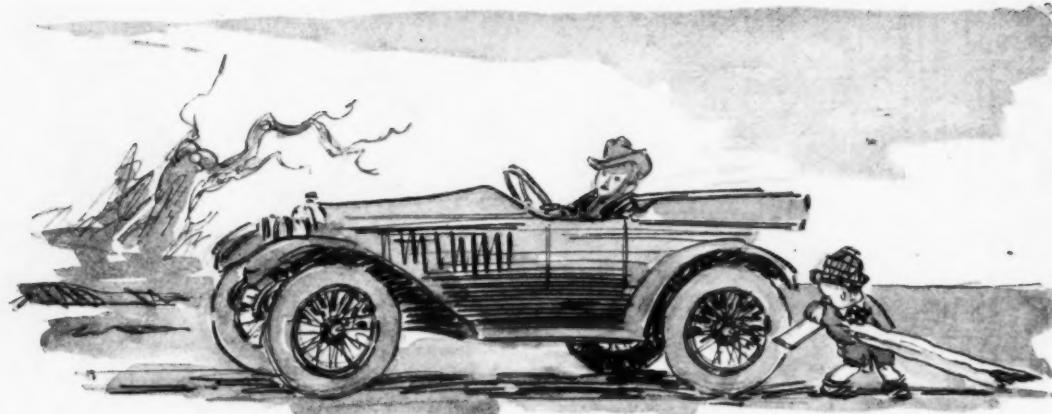


"YURE HUSBINT! YURE HUSBINT! YAH! I KNOW YURE KIND—YE LITTLE FLY-UP-THE-CREEK."



?1

JANICE MONTGOMERY PAGE



*Skippy: OH, POP! YA OUGHTER SEE THE ELEGANT LOG I FOUND FOR THE FIRE.
"WELL, HOLD IT ON THE RUNNING BOARD, SO IT WON'T SCRATCH THE CAR. LET'S GO."*



*Skippy: WE BEEN GOIN' A LONG TIME, AIN'T WE, POP?
"YES, BUT WE OUGHT TO BE HOME PRETTY SOON NOW."*



*Father: EVERY TIME I LOOK OUT I SEE A SIGN, NEW YORK, 50 MILES. IT'S THE LONGEST FIFTY
MILES I EVER SAW.*

Skippy

Warum?

JUST why do all the journalists
Poke ridicule at public men?
What is the reason satirists
Lampoon with vitriolic pen
The speeches of the President
And others In The Government?

Why do the paragraphers jeer
And daily in the public prints
Paint, with a sly and ghoulish leer,
Our statesmen in unroseate tints?
Why do they bawl, in accents loud,
"Our Solons are a witless crowd"?

Why call our representatives
A group of inefficient yaps?
Why label them a bunch of flivs?
A gang of dopes? Boobs? Dumbbells? Saps?
Why iterate (to make a close)
Something that everybody knows?

• Baron Ireland.

Responsibilities

GYPPERDALE: So you've finally decided to go to work?

SLICKERBILT: Yes, I've got to support my used car in the style to which it's been accustomed.



"IS YOUR HUSBAND HARD TO MANAGE, NORA?"
"HE AIN'T NOW, MISS, BUT BEFORE HE LOST HIS HAIR A BLOW ON
THE HEAD DIDN'T HURT HIM AT ALL."



Swimmer (who has just swum the English Channel): HANG IT! I LEFT ALL MY CLOTHES ON THE OTHER SIDE.

How to Be a Highbrow

ADMIRE no composer earlier than Stravinsky; no painter earlier than Picasso, and no sculptor less recent than Epstein.

Claim that you understand Eliot's "The Wasteland," and Joyce's "Ulysses," and swear that you much prefer a Russian tragedy played in Russian to "Rain" or "The Follies" or "St. Joan" done by Americans.

Extol Charlie Chaplin, not because he makes the buttons pop off your vest, but because he typifies to you Man's Comic Attempt to Be Something Other than a Miserable Little Mite.

And go to see Dempsey fight, not because you like a good scrap, but because you are interested in seeing "so fine a specimen of the human animal revert to his naturally barbaric state." B. B.

Dentality

MARJORY always finds something to laugh at, even in the most depressing situations! She has a corking sense of humor, hasn't she?"

"Nonsense! She has a corking set of teeth."

WELL, we've known of rolling bones that gathered considerable moss.



OCTOBER 23, 1924

VOL. 84. 2190

"While there is Life there's Hope"
Published by

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

CHARLES DANA GIBSON, President LE ROY MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.
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English Offices, Rolls House, Breams Bldgs., London, E. C.



THE papers of October 6 reported that Mr. Davis's electioneering activities had cost him eighteen pounds of weight. Besides all that weight Mr. Davis seems also to have lost the approval of a number of Republicans who expect to vote for Mr. Coolidge. Some of them report that his campaign has been a great disappointment to them; others complain that he has not pitched his discourse on a high enough plane. These Republican disappointments must be encouraging to Democrats as far as they go. If Mr. Davis had satisfied the gentlemen whose sole concern about him was that he should go politely into the discard, his case would indeed have been hopeless. As it is, so credible an authority as Mark Sullivan reports that "Davis's September visit to the West made a great advance in Democratic strength."

Another lot of uneasy voters, who are seemingly pricked by their consciences because they expect to vote the Republican ticket, lay the blame for it on Charles Bryan, for whom, they say, they never could vote. One sympathizes with these gentlemen. They feel that there is plenty behind the Republican ticket that they ought to dissent from, and taking thought for reasons for not dissenting they make the best case for themselves they can. One of them writes about the tariff that "tariff reduction does not represent the mood of the Democrats any more than of the Republicans," and says "it will be as easy to reduce the tariff as to change the immigration bill and let down the bars." We know, however, that the immigration bill holds back swarms of intending immigrants, whereas we are assured that there is

no alarming mass of commodities pressing to come here, and that the chief effects of the present high tariff are to keep prices high and impede our exports of foodstuffs and raw materials.

It is hard to say whether voters anywhere are paying much attention to the issues expounded to them. There ought to be some excitement about the tariff, but there isn't much among those who pay it, though those who profit by it are doubtless attentive. There ought to be some excitement about the recent exploits of the League of Nations in the direction of a peace pact. That is important, but it came along about the time of the baseball scandal and has not had much attention from the multitude.



APPARENTLY the voters think much more of the personality of the candidates than they do of issues. Mr. Coolidge has pulled his feet out of the miry clay in which Mr. Harding's administration ended, and impresses everybody as an honest person who has a distinct turn for economy, especially in discourse. People who want to go on as we are, are reconciled to going on with Mr. Coolidge. He is really an ideal candidate for their purposes. They don't mind his lack of leadership because they don't want to move. It does not worry them to know that the world is running away from them and may take a turn any day that will call for lively action at Washington. Neither are they concerned about the new Congress that is coming and which will need a steer. Wherever Mr. Davis goes he seems to make friends. His speeches have been good, some of them extraordinarily good, as when at

Princeton he spoke of Mr. Wilson. If it is the turn of the Democrats to come back, he will win. If things have not come to the pass yet where a lot of people want a change, Mr. Coolidge will win.

People, hereabouts at least, do not seem to be greatly interested in politics. Possibly they are thinking about other things that seem to them more important. Possibly the issue of Fundamentalism would have been more stimulating. The Ku Klux are quite lively. Punch them and they talk back. They seem to be spreading. One sees their fires some nights. They have something on their minds, but one could not call it politics. If we are all trying to excite ourselves about matters of secondary importance, and have not yet reached the point where we can have strong feelings about things that are vital, that would account for the apparent listlessness of the current campaign. At this writing, however, it has still four weeks to go, and wars have been won or lost in less time than that. The test polls are still strongly favorable to Mr. Coolidge, especially in the States that are foregone for him, but even if one trusts them, they need a lot of interpretation. It often happens that no one knows until election night who is to be President, but this year hardly any one pretends to know, and that is unusual.



DR. HARRY EMERSON FOS DICK, a Baptist minister, has for five years been preaching in New York in a Presbyterian church. This condition has disturbed some of the Fundamentalist Western Presbyteries, who think that if he is to fill a Presbyterian pulpit he ought to join the Presbyterian Church and sign on as a believer in its creeds. So they have put it up to Dr. Fosdick that he must come in or get out. In an admirable letter he chooses to get out. He does not think it profitable to sign creeds, nor that for him it would be right, and he does not believe in the principle of the closed shop for churches.

Here now is really something to talk about. At this writing the New York Presbytery has not accepted Dr. Fosdick's resignation. Maybe it won't!

E. S. Martin.



"CHES'NUTS!"



Al Hirschfeld

This Picture
\$1,000.00 in Prizes Is Offered to the Winner
(For Participants)

LIFE



Picture No Title

Winner LIFE'S Title Contest Beginning in This Issue
(See Page 10)



Yes and No

WHATEVER Frederick Lonsdale did not have in "Aren't We All?" and "Spring Cleaning," no one could deny that his dialogue snapped and crackled pleasantly. It seemed to be the one thing that we could count on from him.

Therefore, with that perverse parsimony which artists so often display with a single gift, Mr. Lonsdale has written "The Fake" entirely without the aid of his flair for dialogue, and the result is naturally pretty thin.

Godfrey Tearle is just right as a hero for a play like "The Fake." He is a man's man, with hobnails in his boots, and spends his holidays in Cornwall. Between puffs at his pipe he says genial and manly things, using that humorous method which calls for eleven long words where three short ones would have done. And Mr. Lonsdale has written him a scene which furnishes him with the distinction of delivering the phoniest-sounding "plant" in modern stage history. To the strangely unsuspecting dope fiend whom he is planning to kill later in the evening, Mr. Tearle says: "I'll wager you a sovereign that if you tell the waitress that you expect to commit suicide to-night, she'll take you seriously." The lark of the thing appeals to the victim and he obligingly goes on record in the presence of a witness as plotting his own destruction. Anyway, the joke was on Mr. Tearle, for the waitress didn't take it seriously.

The ravages of dope are nowhere more distressing than on the stage. It made Lowell Sherman discard his invaluable sang-froid and act in a green spotlight in "Morphia," and now it has taken Mr. Frank Conroy, one of the few artists who utilized repression as if they were born to it, and turned him into an actor. There ought to be a stage law against stage dope being used by any but bad actors.



ANOTHER attempt to write a moving drama without the aid of good dialogue has been made by Martin Brown in "Great Music." His idea was a big one, just as very possibly Mr. Lonsdale's was, but he has succeeded in writing it as if he were titling a moving picture. The young musician (played as well as possible by Tom Powers) goes through various lurid phases of moral disintegration in Rome, Paris, Port Said and the Marquesas Islands, always with a great unwritten symphony haunting his dreams. At last, through the isolating agency of leprosy and a very bad piano, we are led to believe that he

finishes it to the great satisfaction of every one concerned. At any rate, the play ends.

A symphony orchestra, which opens the evening with a rendition of the hero's opus, is lowered by a patent device down under the stage as soon as the action begins. Wherein the musicians have it distinctly on the audience.



BEWITCHED" is a romantic fantasy of a type to which we are easy prey if our mood is goofy enough. We must have been particularly goofy on this occasion, for, although our better nature told us that here was a dish of pretty obvious applesauce, we experienced a number of throat-catches and spinnings of the diaphragm which are the subtle signals of emotional response in us. The fairy story itself is pretty simple, and has an almost ingenuous restatement of well-known facts of fantasy which gives it an aroma of 1890 lavender, but Edward Sheldon and Sidney Howard have given it a distinction of some sort, which, coupled with the propitiousness of our own glandular secretions on that particular evening, overcame the accidents of an opening-night production and sent us away in a mild glow.

Florence Eldridge and Glenn Anders are the young lovers (and really what a wonderful thing Love is, after all, isn't it?) and José Ruben, the sorcerer; and they all came under the benign approbation of our mood that night, although now we will listen to arguments.



THE first production of Robert Milton as a regular manager is "The Far Cry," and it is almost as good as we expected it would be, which is saying a lot. Arthur Richman has deliberately written a play about disagreeable people, the American divorce colony in Paris. This starts him off with an initial advantage, for disagreeable people are always more interesting on the stage than agreeable ones. There is little consistency in their actions, which is another thing in the play's favor. And it is acted with just that finish and veracity which unpleasant, inconsistent people seem to possess, especially by Miss Margalo Gillmore, who leaves her old sweet self miles in the rear by a startling performance as an intensely unreliable young lady. Our only regret is that, in a cast full of catty characters, Lucille Watson should have been chosen as the one mild, sweet one. We had rather hear her bite out a snooty remark than any woman on the American stage. *Robert Benchley.*

Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

More or Less Serious

Bewitched. *National*—Reviewed in this issue.

Cobra. *Longacre*—That little old triangle, enhanced by some excellent acting.

Conscience. *Belmont*—An unusually fine performance by Lillian Foster in a discussion of sex and sociology.

The Crime in the Whistler Room. *Pinecasetown*—To be reviewed next week.

Dancing Mothers. *Marine Elliott's*—Helen Hayes as the conventionally unconventional flapper in a play which begins to live at the final curtain.

The Fake. *Hudson*—Reviewed in this issue.

The Far Cry. *Cort*—Reviewed in this issue.

Great Music. *Earl Carroll*—Reviewed in this issue.

The Green Beetle. *Klaw*—Chinese killings and gong-beatings.

High Stakes. *Erlinge*—Lowell Sherman in pretty much garden-truck.

The Miracle. *Century*—Stupendous.

My Son, Princess. *Cape Cod* problems.

Rain, Gaiety—Jeanne Eagels in what looks like a hit.

The Red Falcon. *Broadhurst*—To be reviewed next week.

The Saint. *Greenwich Village*—To be reviewed next week.

Mme. Simone. *Henry Miller's*—In repertoire. This week "L'Aiglon."

What Price Glory? *Plymouth*—A play about the war which no one should miss.

White Cargo. *Daly's*—We thought this was a good show when it opened, but really not good enough to run as long as this. Which only goes to prove.

Comedy and Things Like That

Abie's Irish Rose. *Republic*—Begins to feel like winter, doesn't it?

The Best People. *Lycum*—Not our favorite play about the Younger Generation.

Cock o' the Roost. *Liberty*—To be reviewed later.

Expressing Willie. *Forty-Eighth St.*—Amusing cracks at the fashion of soul-expression as practiced on Long Island.

The Farmer's Wife. *Comedy*—To be reviewed later.

Grounds for Divorce. *Empire*—Ina Claire livening up a buckety-bucket marriage complication.

The Guardsman. *Garrick*—To be reviewed next week.

The Haunted House. *George M. Cohan's*—Pretty funny mystery farce with Wallace Eddinger.

In His Arms. *Fulton*—To be reviewed later.

Izzy. *Thirty-Ninth St.*—Jimmy Hussey speaking excellent Jewish.

Lazybones. *Vanderbilt*—Real characters well played.

The Little Angel. *Frasze*—Obstetrical but unoffensive.

Minick. *Booth*—A human and satisfying play built on the futility of an old man's trying to live with his son's family.

Pigs Little—Very pleasant indeed.

The Show-Off. *Playhouse*—A home comedy such as comes only once in a decade or two.

The Werewolf. *Forty-Ninth St.*—Sex activity.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Artists and Models. *Astor*—To be reviewed later.

Be Yourself. *Sam H. Harris*—Jack Donahue and Queenie Smith in a funny show.

The Chocolate Dandies. *Colonial*—The colored favorites.

The Dream Girl. *Ambassador*—Fay Bainbridge and Billy B. Van in something unexciting but tuneful.

The Grab Bag. *Globe*—Ed Wynn's new show. To be reviewed next week.

Grand Street Follies. *Neighborhood*—Still proving that there is a public for an intelligent revue.

Greenwich Village Follies. *Shubert*—Beautiful and dumb.

I'll Say She Is. *Casino*—The Marx Brothers, which is enough for any show.

Kid Boots. *Sciwyn*—Eddie Cantor going strong.

Marjorie. *Forty-Fourth St.*—A good show, with Elizabeth Hines and Andrew Tombes.

Passing Show. *Winter Garden*—Jim Barton makes up for a lot.

Ritz Revue. *Ritz*—Glittering but pretty dirty. Charlotte Greenwood and Raymond Hitchcock.

Rose-Marie. *Imperial*—The best music in town.

Scandals. *Apollo*—A good all-around revue, with Tom Patricola, Lester Allen, and Winnie Lightner.

Top Hole. *Knickerbocker*—Fair.

Vanities. *Music Box*—Joe Cook.

Ziegfeld Follies. *New Amsterdam*—You know what it's like, anyway. And there's Will Rogers.



A WAY TO PROTECT OUR NATIONAL MONUMENTS FROM THE SCRIBBLERS, SCRATCHERS AND CARVERS' ASSOCIATION OF SIGHTSEERS

Love Song

MY own dear love, he is strong and bold
And he cares not what comes after.
His words ring sweet as a chime of gold,
And his eyes are lit with laughter.
He's jubilant as a flag unfurled—
Oh, a girl, she'd not forget him.
My own dear love, he is all my world,—
And I wish I'd never met him.

My love, he's young, and my love, he's fleet,
And the world lies spread before him.
The ways are fair to his roaming feet,
And the skies are sunlit o'er him.
As sharply sweet to my heart he seems
As the fragrance of acacia.
My own dear love, he is all my dreams,—
And I wish he were in Asia.

My love flits by like a day in June,
And he makes no friends of sorrows.
He'll dance a galloping rigadoon
Down the pathway of the morrows.
He'll live his days where the sunbeams start,
Nor could storm or wind uproot him.
My own dear love, he is all my heart,—
And I wish somebody'd shoot him.

Dorothy Parker.

Fable

ONCE upon a time three men got on a street car.
They each gave the conductor five pennies. The conductor burst into loud, hearty chuckles of delight.



Member of Golf Club: THERE'S SAND IN THIS SPINACH, WAITER.
Waiter: I THINK, SIR, YOU HAD BETTER TAKE THAT UP WITH
THE GREENS COMMITTEE.



"I CAN'T FIND NOTHIN' WRONG WID IT, MISS!"
"BUT YOU HAVEN'T BEEN UNDER THE CAR!"

Decoding Mother

(*The Boy's Own Guide to Company Manners*)

SLIGHT frown, quick oblique jerk of head: Stand up; here comes Mrs. Brown!

Right eyebrow raised: I told you to wash your hands.

Left eyebrow raised: Take your muddy feet off that chair.

Both eyebrows raised: Go out and get rid of that chewing gum.

Eyes slightly protruded: If you scratch that mahogany table, I shall scream!

Tapping on floor with foot: Stop sniffing and use your handkerchief.

Gentle cough: Say "Thank you!"

Long, mean look: Interrupt just once more and see what happens.

Clearing throat: Go to the car with Cousin Emily.

False smile, eyes narrowed: Very clever, young man, but just you wait until we're alone!

Low, agonized moan: What have I done, to deserve this affliction! C. R. S.

The Set-Up

ASTRONOMERS tell us that the solar system is traveling eleven miles a second straight for a fixed star. After the collision we suppose it will have to be fixed all over again.



IN YE GOODE OLDE DAYES
LEASYNGE YE FLATTE



18-Handicap: ALL RIGHT, NOW READ MINE.
"7-6-8-9-7"
"NOT SO LOUD—YOU'RE NOT CALLING SIGNALS
IN A FOOTBALL GAME."

Mrs. Pep's Diary

October
22nd

Lay late, reading the publick prints and striv-
ing to make something of the editorials in-
spired by the approaching election, but Lord!
in such matters I am indeed as one who sees through a
glass darkly, and I have emerged from this latest excursion into
national welfare with the conviction that what this
country really needs is a new hors d'œuvre paste. I should
know by this time that I can never become interested in
any sort of "conditions," so hereafter I shall direct my
attentions to the pleasant and beautiful side of life. I do
set down again that my one concern for our government
is that it lacks a department of æsthetics in the President's
cabinet. The establishment of one would do more to mitigate
the asperities of our existence than any political plat-
form actually carried out. It would probably, for instance,
make it a statutory offense for persons living on a court
to play the piano unless they had gone through the Damrosch
School or its equivalent, and it might even prevent pub-
lishers from foisting banal fiction upon a helpless public.

October
23rd

Off early to a Dr. Welsh who specializes in
the cleansing of teeth, and when I did ask
him what dentifrice he approved, he quoth,
The apple. Moreover, he stoutly arraigned the use of
a toothbrush, so possibly the protests of little children in
(Continued on page 29)

When a Man's a Man

He forgets:

THE letter he was supposed to mail
The size of his shirts
The date of his wife's birthday
The name of his Congressman
The size of his income
The pledge for a charity contribution
And the purchase of a clean collar for Sunday.

Because he's busy remembering:

The number of Babe Ruth's home runs
The night he drew to a flush
The big fish he practically caught
The clever retort he just missed making
The popular songs he used to sing
And the price of things twenty years ago.

W. L. Werner.

That's That

"Give me liberty or give me death," was the
slogan of a famous American.—From an anti-
censorship editorial by Bernarr Macfadden.

FOR those true believers in the uncensored press, we
hasten to add that the patriot here referred to was
Patrick Henry.

Not the Type

SMALL BOY: Let's play telephone, and you be the
operator.

HIS SISTER: But I don't know any good wrong numbers.



"DANG IT! I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BETTER'N TO
CARRY THE LIGHTNIN' RODS HOME THROUGH A
THUNDER STORM."



"GOOD GRACIOUS, WILLIAM! HAVE WE NO INSECT POWDER?"
 "EXCUSE me, MA'AM! IT'S ME WINTER WOOLENS."

Checking Up

THE Skeptics' Society, after exhaustive research, has arrived at the following conclusions:

A stitch in time does not save more than three or four at the most.

He who laughed last laughed worst in 86.14% of the tests made.

Where there was smoke there was fire in only 18.93% of the cases examined; in all other cases it was too rich a mixture.

Still waters were not only shallow in nearly every case investigated, but were most easily excited.

In 63% of the tests when a leaper paused to look, some one else leaped ahead of him.

Of the burnt children examined, the majority were carrying matches and manifested no fear of fire.

99.75% of the mice observed did not stay at all when the cat was away but went right to work.

Some very short lanes were found to have no turnings.

The final report on bites by

barking dogs cannot be given until two of the investigators recover from incipient hydrophobia.

In many cases a soft answer was taken for ridicule and wrath increased.

The increased production resulting from haste more than made up for the slight waste occasioned.

In the worm-catching trials the most worms were caught by an owl that stayed up after the early birds, wearied by their early rising, had turned in. *

One investigation had to be abandoned because no one could be found living in a glass house. *F. S. Wilson.*

Sea Fare

HE: What do you think of our naval ratio?

SHE: It's a perfect shame—beans three times a day!

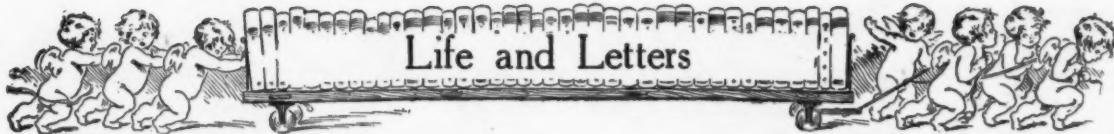
DAWES, says the *World*, is perfectly obvious, and his profanity is of the milk-and-water brand. Just when we were sizing him up as the original crossword puzzle!



DESIGN FOR MURAL DECORATION

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE AND HIS HOMELY VIRTUES

Life and Letters



ARTHUR TRAIN'S novels sound to me as if they were written in one of the big leather chairs at the Union League Club. My enthusiasm for reading about the extremely rich is a matter of record, but in "The Needle's Eye" (Scribner) nobody seems to be worth less than thirty-five millions, and that is going almost too far. The *Grahams* have so much money that their scheme of living is as simple as my own, so it's no fun at all. Of course, they have marble halls and masterpieces and elderly maids in starched caps; but they eat simple food, go to bed early and hobnob with persons of headline significance whose contribution to the dialogue is negligible from the standpoint of snap. Then, too, the young man on whose head all this money is to come made me extremely nervous by appearing constantly on the verge of giving it away. He preferred the subway to a limousine, and liked to speculate as to the home lives of the straphangers. One night he went to a Bolshevik lecture and met a girl of his own class, with whom he fell immediately in love. They began to converse to the effect that money isn't everything,

etc., and I knew that we should be shortly in the coal mines of West Virginia, or some place equally depressing. We were. When capital and labor fly into a novel, the novel, if I am reading it, flies out of the window.

NOR do I care much for sociological conditions with my fiction, and so it was with amazement that I found myself going steadily along in "The Fire and the Flint," by Walter F. White (Knopf), which is based on the race problem in the South. It is the tragedy of a sensitive, educated Negro of our own day, told with such interest and unbiased feeling that the reader begins to think subconsciously of tickets to Macedonia. It is a great achievement for Mr. White to have disguised so cleverly as a novel this eloquent plea for his own people. He has at least caught the public ear, and gives every indication of being able to hold it.

"THE SINGING SEASON," by Isabel Paterson (Boni & Liveright), came some weeks ago as a wel-

come relief to yarns about the younger generation and the Long Island social colony. It is a pure romance of old Spain, and I deliberately put off reading it, in spite of my regard for its writer, the able book critic of the *Herald Tribune*, because a feudalistic milieu always confuses me. I can never get it quite straight which king is fighting which, or what relation Something the Bastard is to the grandfather of the handsome soldier who has cast his lot with the Pretender, and the "nays" and "belikes" of the formal discourse usually make me long for some Ring Lardner. But nothing like that with "The Singing Season." Here is a clear and charming story, full of humor and beauty, and set against an early Renaissance background that reads like a tapestry. Where Miss Paterson, in this day and age, got the atmosphere and vocabulary for such a feat is to me the outstanding literary mystery of the moment.

ARNOLD BENNETT says that a reviewer can tell from any one page of a book all he needs to know in order to write his notice. I decided to try this method on "The Eternal Huntress," by Rayner Seelig (Knopf), inasmuch as it seemed to be made up almost entirely of conversation. On page 66 I found: "I wish you would mind your language, Susie. Can't you say 'nude' instead of 'naked'?" So I fluttered to 177, where I found: "Susannah, put on your rings, and let us leave the lair of this viper who calls himself a man." I tried again. On page 71 I found: "He's been so nice to me...He's even stopped wearing a gardenia because I don't like the scent. He wears those lovely dark-red carnations now. You know, the dyed ones." I turned to the opening paragraph and read: "It was one o'clock on a Saturday in December, 1921. In the Ritz grill Theodore assigned tables..."

Arnold Bennett is right.

OF making many books there is no end, but inasmuch as that is not
(Continued on page 31)



Railway Gatekeeper (to Motorist): KEEP BACK THERE TILL THE TRAIN PASSES.
I AIN'T GOT NO TIME TO SWEEP YE UP IF IT HITS YE.



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THE SILENT DRAMA

"The Red Lily"

IT is recorded in the semi-public ledgers of the film industry that Charlie Chaplin's great picture, "A Woman of Paris," was a financial flop. That, however, does not mean that it was a total loss; even if the public did not flock to it in large numbers, at least it was viewed by nearly all the movie directors and actors from Long Island City, N. Y., to Culver City, Cal. It inspired them to stop and think—which, in itself, may be listed as a mammoth achievement.

Marked evidence of this surprising cerebral activity is to be found in "The Red Lily," a Fred Niblo production, which shows the Chaplin influence to a marked extent—both in the treatment and in the plot. "The Red Lily" differs from "A Woman of Paris" in one decisive respect: it will probably make a lot of money.

"THE RED LILY" is an exceptionally worthy picture. Its story is not sensationaly original, but it is firmly constructed and it makes sense; and Fred Niblo has directed every scene with great skill. He has overcome his tendency to elaborate his effects and has realized the dramatic eloquence of simplicity. He is materially aided by expert photography and beautiful lighting.

Ramon Novarro, Enid Bennett and Wallace Beery occupy the leading rôles in "The Red Lily," and all three are extremely good. In Miss Bennett's case, this sudden burst of speed is surprising and gratifying.

Before I forget it—"The Red Lily" is a story of the Parisian underworld, and of two virtuous provincials who are converted, by what the sub-title writers call "Blind Fate," into desperate Apaches.

"The City That Never Sleeps"

THE drawing by John Held, Jr., at the head of this page depicts a scene from "The City That Never Sleeps," and from any one of a hundred films like it that deal with the widely advertised wildness of youth.

This one has certain points which render it slightly different, and better than the rest. Its early scenes are laid in a



"saloon" (obs.) in the days when drinking was in its infancy, and James Cruze has endowed these episodes with much human warmth. Pictures of old New York are always pleasant to me because they give the organist a chance to play my favorite melodies: "After the Ball," "Sweet Rosie O'Grady" and "The Sidewalks of New York."

"The City That Never Sleeps" is distinguished by an excellent performance by Louise Dresser.

Return Trips

A CORRESPONDENT, Lewis H. Martin by name, has addressed the following query to the editor of this department: "What pictures have you liked so well that you were impelled to see them a second time?"

Always ready to accommodate all comers, I may say that these are the lucky prize-winners:

"The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," "Tol'able David," "The Birth of a Nation," "The Miracle Man," "Intolerance," "Robin Hood," "One Glorious Day," "The Thief of Bagdad," "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari," "Broken Blossoms," "The Marriage Circle," "Deception," "Grandma's Boy," "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," "The Covered Wagon," "The Mark of Zorro," "The Golem," "A Woman of Paris," and practically all of the Chaplin comedies.

There are many other pictures that I have seen more than once, but not voluntarily. There are a few that I should have returned to see if I could have found them.

Some day I hope to own a movie theatre which I shall devote exclusively to those films that have entertained me in the past—displaying no regard whatsoever for the opinions of other people.

I doubt that it will be profitable. R. E. Sherwood.



"O' COURSE, WOT THEY'RE SAYIN' ABOUT HER MAYN'T BE TRUE, MRS. HIGGINS, BUT AS I ALLUS SAYS: IF THIS BE HEARSAY, MAKE TH' MOST OF IT!"

Sweet Music

To some the saxophone is most alluring,

While others to the piccolo succumb;
The violin has friends whose love's enduring;

Salvation comes to many through the drum.

The martial trumpet stirred the gladiator,

And bagpipes cheered the Scot to victory;

But the steam that's hissing in the radiator

Is the sweetest sound in all the world to me.

A. H.

Radiographically Speaking

It is the first Monday in October, which means that it is the first at home of Mrs. J. Lathrop Taylor. About her are grouped "the girls," matrons of a certain age and uncertain complexions. They have assembled for a comfortable chat before the "crowd" arrives.

"Did you have a nice vacation, Julie?" asks the hostess benignly of the youngest member of the group. "I've always wanted to try the city in the summer, but for some reason or other I don't seem to get to it...."

"Oh, it was splendid!" Julie sparkles with enthusiasm. "So good for baby, too. You can't beat WEAF, really. Every morning there was a mothers' program and in the late afternoon a talk on the summer care of babies. Besides the regular schedule for John.... They kept it right up to par, too, in spite of the weather. New York is really the Radiocapital of the country."

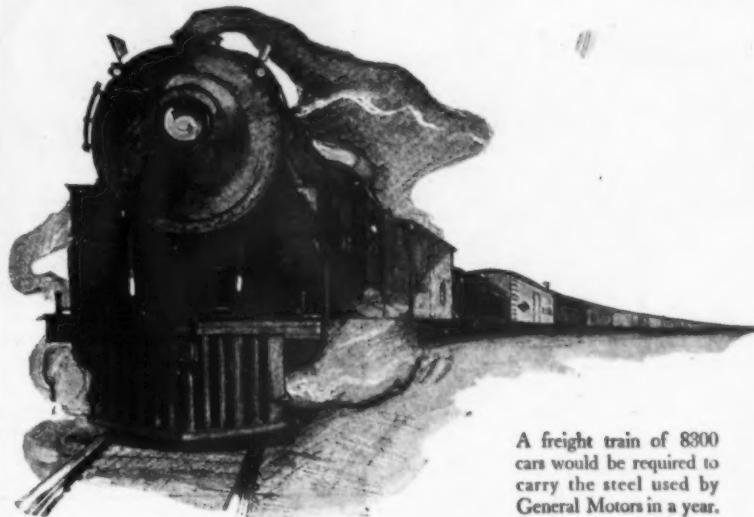
"I suppose so," muses Elinor Taylor. "However, I did find the C Stations decidedly refreshing. Musical teas every afternoon—so thoroughly British. And that delightful accent! CHYC particularly. The Royal Highlanders' Band! Quite ultra, you know!"

"I do think it's broadening to get out of the United States, though I am always glad to get back," Vera Longworth, a faded but persistent blonde, contributes. "We found Cuba very pleasant, considering the season. Nice concerts by PWX and really fascinating native stuff from Tuinacu—KW, you know. There is something about Spanish music...."

"I can't see any point in being so limited." Leanora Morse, a tightly garbed brunette, gazes at them all through her lorgnette. "New York, Montreal, Havana...what's the use? We bought two extra tubes and—went to Paris...."

A. McM.

SURELY there's nothing a woman dreads so much as the possibility of that First Love turning out to be permanent.

FACTS ABOUT A FAMOUS FAMILY

A freight train of 8300 cars would be required to carry the steel used by General Motors in a year.

From gold to glass

THESE are some of the materials used in the manufacture of General Motors cars:

Gold, platinum, diamonds and tungsten; iron, steel, copper, tin and zinc; coal, clay, cement, sand, gravel and lime; grease, oil and chemicals; cotton, jute, hair and leather; lumber and glass.

The leather used in a year would cover 150 city blocks; the lumber would build homes for 50,000 people; the steel would furnish the framework of 16 Woolworth Buildings.

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Spacious

Among the visitors to Arundel Castle were a little girl and her mother. The youngster had, of course, never been inside such a big house, and as she inspected the interior she seemed perfectly amazed. Then, turning to her mother, she suddenly remarked:

"I should think the Duchess lost the Duke quite a lot in this place!"

—London Daily News.

When the Compositor Went Mad

From the Lake County (Ind.) Times:

"Great care should be taken to select shoes and sandals that are roomy, soft and flexible. Heels should not be worn on infants' or children's shand the man went down to the river show me the man that hit my brother over the hills to the poorhouse and the man went down to the river show me the man that hit my broth- shoes."

HE: Now I know you better, Dorothy darling, you will always be Dotty to me.

—London Mail.



A POOR EXCUSE

"I'VE COME WITH THE GAS BILL."

"MY HUSBAND IS OUT."

"BUT THERE ARE HIS SHOES."

"HOW THOUGHTLESS OF HIM! HE'S

CONE OFF WITHOUT THEM AGAIN!"

—Le Rire (Paris).

"THE happy wife sings about her work," says a feminine writer. What work?—Detroit Free Press.

The Magic Nightshirt

During a thunderstorm, Jones, a wireless fiend, went out into the night, lowered his aerial and carefully buried one end of it in the soil.

Next morning, as he was going to town in his train, he told a fellow traveler what he had done.

"But weren't you afraid of the lightning striking you?" queried a rather incredulous listener.

"No!" firmly replied Jones. "You see, I had some silk pajamas on, and I read that silk is a good insulating covering."

—Science and Invention.

The Dramatist's Plight

AUTHOR: Yes, I wrote a great play, but nothing ever came of it.

FRIEND: Why not?

AUTHOR: The Army and Navy wouldn't let me produce it.

—New York Sun.

Wanted

"A man to supervise work of a college student and to combat folly in latter if and when possible. Address, etc."

—Boston Transcript.

Add Labors of Hercules.

—F. P. A., in New York World.

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Intimations of Impermanence

NOTHING's what it was before;
Gone are things of former days:
Beauty parlors are no more—
Now they're facial ateliers.
Pool is pocket-billiards now;
Undertakers are morticians;
Gasoline now fills the mow—
There's no change in politicians.

No more waves the golden rye—
Alcohol now comes from wood;
Wet goods purchased on the sly
Keep the coffin business good.
On the peace of yesteryear
Now are piling up munitions,
But on this terrestrial sphere
There's no change in politicians.

Be it good or be it ill,
Each day brings its own transitions.
Tempora mutantur—still,
There's no change in politicians.

R. S.

THE football season has started, and scarcely more than half the Yale team have been incapacitated for the entire year. They used to order these things better in New Haven.

Mrs. Pep's Diary

(Continued from page 22)

this connection are born of a revelation which has been denied the wise and prudent. I had liefer he had recommended the peach or the plum, however, having always held the apple the least luring of fruits in spite of the Book of Genesis.... To luncheon at an inn with Cora Scoville, and she did tell me how her husband had not only put his love to me in a telegram but had sent it collect, which was almost more than she could endure. We made a fine meal of curried shrimps, broccoli and gluten toast, the last being the only food endorsed by dieticians that gives the consumer any pleasure whatsoever.... Reading all the afternoon in a novel by Ouida, from whom I have been told Michael Arlen and the more worldly moderns derive. My husband, poor wretch, did telephone to ask if he might bring a Mr. Hemming, a stranger, home to dinner, and I responded, Yes, if you are reasonably certain he will not tell me the story about the street-walker in Venice.

October 24th A feeling of depression and a sense of dire calamity was upon me when I awoke this day, but on the first post did come a letter from dear old Jim Evans containing such a splendid compliment that I arose straightway, had a fine wave put in my hair and went out to buy the filmiest negligee I could find. A beauty it was, too—pink Georgette with French ribbons in pastel shades. Lord! what new apparel can do for my spirits! I have long felt, albeit Browning says naught about it, that Pippa was wearing a new hat and frock the morning she passed.... This day did Samuel present me with a large sum of money entirely of his own accord, and I do feel that all arguments as to the existence of a Deity should start from such a premise.

Baird Leonard.

Little Lessons in American for Prospective Citizens

A LESSON IN THE USE OF THE WORDS "LIE" AND "LAY"

I LAY the golf ball on the ground.
I swing my club.
My caddie lies back.
He says, "You lay it all over any steam shovel I've ever seen."
I hit the ball.
It rolls to the green.
It is a good lie.
I finish the game.
My score reads 81.
That is a good lie, too.

Two Spanish reporters have been arrested for "deliberate inaccuracy." In this country, they would be employed to run straw votes.

the sunny side of winter is in California



Take the family—
excellent schools for
your children.

The journey there is
just as easy as
going down town—

Grand Canyon National Park
is on your way without
change of Pullman—

after
California
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Also details as to cost of trip.



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"TO BE HAPPY IN THIS LIFE, YOU KNOW, ONE MUST REALLY FORGET THE PAIN ONE CAUSES TO OTHERS."
—Le Monde Illustré (Paris).

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES

The Real Attraction

We were talking with a friend who has just come back from a trip across the pond. (Note: One goes "across to Europe," but one returns from "across the pond.") He had a wonderful time, of course, but what do you suppose impressed him most? St. Peter's in Rome, or St. Mark's in Venice? Monte Carlo or Versailles? Notre Dame, Pompeii or the quaint streets of London? Wrong. It was a little brunette from Cedar Rapids, Ia., he met in Naples.

—Jack Harris, in Ottawa Herald.

The Vengeance of Time

Jean, aged nine, and Camille, seven, were having a heated discussion.

"I am seven years old," said Camille.

"And I am nine," replied Jean.

"But I shall be nine, too."

"Yes, but then I'll be eleven—he, he, he!"

Camille, at once annoyed and outraged, looked for a crushing retort.

"Yes, of course you'll be eleven when I'm nine. Well, you'll be an old woman before I am, that's all!"

—L'Echo de Paris.

Nothing better for sluggish appetite than Abbott's Bitters. Sample by mail, 25 cts. C. W. Abbott & Co Baltimore, Md.

Anything to Please

A lady who had shopped for two hours without buying anything finally said pompously:

"Well, I must go now. I see my imported limousine is at the curb."

"Just a minute, madam," said the clerk, "and I'll unroll a stretch of carpet across the sidewalk."

—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Radio and Telephone

The men in our town hang over their radios every evening, but the women like listening in on the telephone much better. It seems that the men enjoy gossip just as much as the women, but they want it about folk farther away. They call this a mark of a larger soul.

—New York Sun.

No Pleasure Trip

PASSENGER (trying to make conversation, in Scottish Express): Er—a very long, tiring journey, this?

"So it ocht to be at the price!"

—London Evening News.

"YES, he's absolutely ruined; but, still, poverty is no disgrace, is it?"

"Oh, no. He doesn't owe you anything either, then?"—London Mail.

Hobo A: If you had nothin' else ter do, wot would you do?

Derelict B: Nothin' else.

—American Legion Weekly.

It can't get lost It can't get lost

You'll like it!

This is
the new
Hinge-Cap on
Williams
Shaving Cream



It can't get lost It can't get lost

Welcoming Ode to Flyers

Airman, when these shores you reach
You may count upon a speech.
Wearily flyer, cloudland rover,
Sleep here till the speech is over.
Yours the danger and the glory;
Ours is the oratory.

—N. H., in Brooklyn Eagle.

Didn't Care If He Did

A countryman from the mountains of North Carolina, while in the city, was invited out to dine. During dinner he was asked if he would have some corn, and he promptly replied: "Why, thank you!" and passed his glass.

—Charleston News and Courier.

"FRANKLY, sir, what age would you give me?"

"None, dear lady, because the age I would give you you would not want."

—Le Journal Amusant (Paris).

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STERLING SILVER
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\$2.50 made of Sterling Silver non-corrosive or tarnishable finish.

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SOLVENT BLOOD dissolves tumors, blood clots, inflamed joints (enable use of limbs again), also eliminates catarrhal matter from nose, ears, tonsils, bronchiols, etc. Easing nerve or muscle food

TO SUIT OCCUPATION prevents formation of WASTE in

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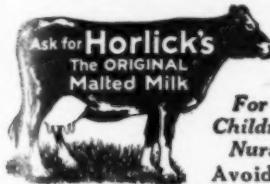
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\$9.50. All smokers may ask for free literature.
Kobler & Co., Inc., 594 28th St., Guttenberg, West New York, N. J.

Life and Letters

(Continued from page 24)

true of the space allotted for their review, I must speak out from the avalanche of autumn fiction under which I am all but buried and dismiss in a paragraph three books which are large enough in size to be classified as "tomes." Being unusually sound in wind and limb, "How to Keep Well," by A. F. Currier (Century), fascinates me. It is an interesting, well-arranged exposition of all the ills to which flesh is heir, and a good thing to have around the house for ready reference should you suspect that some member of the family is on the verge of paranoia. "The Customs of Mankind," by Lillian Eichler (Nelson Doubleday, Inc.), also contains material over which I sit rapt. "First Aid to the Opera-Goer," by Mary Fitch Watkins (Stokes), is the first catalogue of its kind I have met with which recounts operatic plots with intelligence and humor, and inasmuch as you know it is always "Der Freischütz" or "Mignon," so to speak, on the nights when Aunt Laura suddenly sends you her tickets, getting the synopsis at home over the coffee is better than fishing for thirty-five cents in an overcrowded lobby.

"A BASKETFUL OF POSES," by George S. Chappell (A. & C. Boni), will amuse you and is got up as a large thin book, with illustrations by Hogarth, Jr., so that you can give it away for Christmas. In "Twisted Tales" (Holt), Christopher Ward gives out some more of his entertaining parodies of contemporary popular writers.

Baird Leonard.

Telegrams for All Occasions

Now that the big telegraph companies are furnishing synthetic form telegrams of greetings, condolences, etc., LIFE offers the following additional suggestions. All in ten words, too.

From a Prohibition Agent to His Mate

Have traced bootleg king. Buy that house on Riverside Drive.

From a Satisfied Customer to the Source of Supply

One eye gone. The devil with other. Ship another case.

From One Reformer to Another National Savior

Get after ice cream cones. Children seem to enjoy them.

From Mayor Hylan to the Newspapers

I consider inclement weather due entirely to traction controlled press.

From a Chorus Girl to Her Lawyer

Have just met wealthy gentleman. Please prepare papers at once.

From the Imperial Wizard to the Kleagle of Supplies

Dozen bales feathers, five cauldrons tar. Must maintain American ideals.

From the White House (Open Letter)

Cross marks room where I am stopping. Please renew lease.

From Robert M. La Follette to Robert M. La Follette

After due deliberation, have decided to support Robert M. La Follette.

Smoker at last finds his cigarette

FROM Burlingame, Kansas: "I wish to congratulate your company in developing what I believe to be the cigarette par excellence. I was more than delighted with Reedsdale Cigarettes, their mellow, satisfying flavor and aroma. Have smoked cigarettes for years, and have at last found the ones for myself."

(Original letter in our file)

Reedsdale Cigarettes are 20¢ for twenty! They are put up in a new and specially designed package that keeps them fresh, unbroken and uncrushed to the last one.

If not at your dealer's, a carton of 5 packages (100 cigarettes) sent for a dollar.

Smoke one package. If not satisfied return remaining packages and get your money back.

Reed Tobacco Co., 125 So. 21st St., Richmond, Va.

From John W. Davis to House-keeper at Clarksburg

Please prepare place for early homecoming. Tell milkman to deliver.

From the Prince of Wales to America

Had ripping time. Pater sends regards with Mater's sanction. T. B.

Degeneration

DOROTHY (seeing horse with bobbed tail): Look, Mother! There's a horse that's growing extinct!



RAZO-NIFE "NOT A DULL MOMENT"

for the other end of your watch chain

Here's the neatest, handiest little pocket knife you ever saw and the most unusual, since it's always sharp—a keen razor edge whenever you want it, because its blade is a cast-off safety razor blade.

Think of it—just slip the old blade out and a new one into place and you've got a new keen edge; only takes a jiffy—no screws or fasteners—just snap it into place.

Razo-Nife is a handsome piece of cutlery and an ideal gift for anyone. Made of solid jeweler's-grade nickel silver with a neat design etched on the handle.

Put Razo-Nife down on your Xmas list. Will ship yours in Holly Boxes if requested.

Price, as illustrated, \$1.00

We can also supply Razo-Nife with the emblem of any national fraternal organization etched on the handle, each at \$1.50

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Enclosed find \$..... for Razo-Nife.

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Business Executives:
Razo-Nife with your trade-mark and advertisement etched on the handle will make an outstanding piece of good-will advertising for your business. Its handsome appearance and genuine utility make it good for a lifetime of constant use—the assurance of permanent advertising for your firm. Ask for special quantity prices.

*"And now
she's so slender!"*

"Did you ever see such a change in any one? Grace used to be positively stout. Now she's one of the smartest dressed women I know. She must have done something to regain her youthful figure."

She did do something. Realizing that her success and charm depended upon slender silhouette, she used Marmola Tablets.

Marmola Tablets are the pleasant way to reduce. Without diets or exercises, you can regain your slender healthy figure again.

Thousands of men and women each year regain slender figures this way. So can you.

Marmola Tablets are one dollar a box at all drug stores or in a plain wrapper, post-paid, from the Marmola Co., 1843 General Motors Bldg., Detroit, Mich. Try them.

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Prescription Tablets
The Pleasant Way to Reduce

He Believed in Signs

A STOWAWAY from Greece surreptitiously entered the United States at Yuma, Arizona. Intending to become a restaurant owner, he took note of the huge volume of business done at a prominent hotel and café. He observed that the droves of tourists stopped to read a sign in front of the place, smiled, and went in.

Without being able to understand the sign, he copied it on a piece of paper and went on.

In six weeks he had accumulated a trifle over ten thousand dollars by shining shoes and selling penny papers, and he set out to establish his restaurant.

He found his opportunity in Portland, Oregon. He opened his restaurant and placed over it a huge sign bearing the inscription which he had copied in Yuma, Arizona. In two weeks he was broke!

The sign had read:

FREE BOARD EVERY DAY THE SUN
DOES NOT SHINE!

The girl who has spent all her time collecting hearts usually gets a husband who spends all his collecting clubs.

Put It in the Form of Emotion

We are absolutely without emotion; cold, like granite, unflinching, the Strong Profile Type. We do impossible things, like running our fingernail over a piece of slate to hear the squeak. We handle caterpillars, just to show our fortitude. We shave in Pullmans. 633

But—whenever we go to the theatre now something seems to get in our eye at the climax of the emotional scene, and when we rub it people think we're moved by the play. We're not, but we can't make them believe it. Our companion nods understandingly and says that she knows, of course, Imagination will get us all sometime if we're Emotional, though it is a little difficult for us to admit it. As a result, the next time our nose itches we bear it in silent torment until the crisis on the stage is over and we can relax comfortably without being suspected.

In fact, it is our theory that the management hires some one to sit in the balcony and blow dust or Itching Powder in the air during a tragedy, so that the audience will have to wipe their eyes or choke andgulp. We think this hypothesis is entirely within reason, for one can never tell to what ends a manager will go to put a play across; we heard once that a certain theatre actually hired a man to sit in the audience and applaud, and not a person suspected him till 'way toward the end of the third act.

C. H. F.

No Wonder Some Folks Wear Beards!

They haven't heard about Barbasol. They don't know the modern way of shaving. Barbasol—no brush—no rub-in—no smart. Just you try it three times, according to directions. 35c and 65c tubes.



For Modern Shaving

WYNKOOP HALLENBECK CRAWFORD COMPANY, NEW YORK



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There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely, and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop instantly, and your hair will be lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store, and a four ounce bottle is all you will need. This simple remedy has never been known to fail.

LIQUID ARVON

Books Received

Low Bridge and Punk Pungs, by Sam Hellman (Little, Brown).
Youth Points the Way, by Douglas Fairbanks (Appleton).
Around the World in New York, by Konrad Bercovici (Century).
The Passionate Adventure, by Frank Stayton (Century).
To Lhasa in Disguise, by William McGovern (Century).
Blind Rafferty, by Dona Byrne (Century).
Adequate Brevity, by Calvin Coolidge (Donohue).
My Eskimo Friends, by Robert J. Flaherty. F. R. G. S. (Doubleday, Page).
Friends with Life, by Anne C. E. Allinson (Harcourt, Brace).
Definitions, by Henry Seidel Canby (Harcourt, Brace).
Balisand, by Joseph Hergesheimer (Knopf).
Kak, the Copper Eskimo, by Vilhjalmur Stefansson and Violet Irwin (Macmillan).
The New Spook River, by Edgar Lee Masters (Boni & Liveright).
The Inheritance of Acquired Characteristics, by Dr. Paul Kammerer (Boni & Liveright).
The Tragedy of Mr. Punch, by Russell Thorndike and Reginald Arkell (Boni & Liveright).
The Needle's Eye, by Arthur Train (Scribner).
The Pearl Lagoon, by Charles Norhoff (Atlantic Monthly Press).
The Crooked Mile, by Bernard De Voto (Minton, Balch).
The Diary of a Dude Wrangler, by Struthers Burt (Scribner).
The Customs of Mankind, by Lillian Eichler (Nelson Doubleday, Inc.).
The Life and Death of Cleopatra, by Claude Ferval (Doubleday, Page).
Religious Journalistic, by Christopher Morley (Doubleday, Page).
The Common Sense of Tennis, by Wm. T. Tilden, 2d (Simon & Schuster).
Young Archimedes, by Aldous Huxley (Doran).
Health of the Worker, by Lee K. Frankel (Funk & Wagnalls).
The Child in School, by Thomas D. Wood (Funk & Wagnalls).
Your Mind and You, by George K. Pratt (Funk & Wagnalls).
Adolescence, by Maurice A. Bigelow (Funk & Wagnalls).
Home Care of the Sick, by Clara D. Noyes (Funk & Wagnalls).
Exercises for Health, by Lenna L. Meanes (Funk & Wagnalls).



THE BIG THREE

HISTORY is full of them—beginning with Adam, Eve and the Serpent, we have the Three Musketeers; Wynken, Blynken and Nod; Three-for-a-Quarter Cigars;

Three Strikes; When Shall We Three Meet Again; Hart, Schaffner and Marx; Faith, Hope and Charity, and now, greatest of all, the Big Three of LIFE.

The FOOTBALL NUMBER

November 13

The THANKSGIVING NUMBER

November 20

The CHRISTMAS NUMBER (25c)

December 4

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I hope those 10 issues will do as much.
Here is my \$1 (Canadian, \$1.20; Foreign, 1.40).

354

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